

Essex County Herald.

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ISLAND POND, VT. FRIDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1909.

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Probate Court Sessions.

SESSIONS OF THE PROBATE COURT FOR THE DISTRICT OF ESSEX will be held as follows during the year 1910:
In January, in the forenoon of the second Monday of January, and the first Monday of February and September and December.
At noon in the afternoon of each of the above days.
At the first Mondays of April and October.
At the first Saturdays of each month.
Said sessions will be held at any place in the district as directed.
Communications addressed to E. W. Wyman, Esq., at Randolph, will receive prompt attention.
HERBERT W. BLAKE, JUDGE.

W. H. BISHOP,

Notary Public with Seal
Island Pond, Vt.

HARRY B. AMEY,

Attorney
Collections made and promptly remitted.
ISLAND POND, VT.

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A. ELIE,

Physician and Surgeon
Island Pond, Vt.

D. B. MAYO,

Physician and Surgeon,
Office at residence, Alder street
ISLAND POND, VT.

E. N. TRENHOLME, D. D. S.,
Dentist
Office next to E. L. Maynard's store
Island Pond, Vt.

G. E. CLARKE,

Undertaker, Funeral Supplies
Island Pond, Vt.

L. W. STEVENS,

Deputy Sheriff
Island Pond, Vt.

E. A. BEMIS,

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We are a full and complete Patent Office, and have a large staff of experienced attorneys and engineers. We are located in the heart of the manufacturing district of the United States, and are in a position to secure for our clients the best protection and the most prompt service. We are also a full and complete Patent Office, and have a large staff of experienced attorneys and engineers. We are located in the heart of the manufacturing district of the United States, and are in a position to secure for our clients the best protection and the most prompt service.

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A full and complete Patent Office, and have a large staff of experienced attorneys and engineers. We are located in the heart of the manufacturing district of the United States, and are in a position to secure for our clients the best protection and the most prompt service.

KILL THE COUGH
CURE THE LUNGS
WITH **Dr. King's**
New Discovery
FOR **COUGHS**
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GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY
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Electric Bitters
Succeed when everything else fails.
In nervous prostration and female
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remedy, as thousands have testified.
FOR **KIDNEY, LIVER AND**
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It is the best medicine ever sold
over a druggist's counter.

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

A responsible and energetic man or woman in Island Pond and vicinity to act as a subscription agent. Experience unnecessary. There is liberal guaranteed compensation. A profitable permanent business without capital can be established among friends and acquaintances. Whole or spare time. This is the best time to start. Complete outfit and instructions free. Write now. McClure's Magazine, 46 East 234 Street, New York City.

An Intelligent Cow.

A few nights ago a citizen went home and found a cow in his yard. He drove her out. He then went into the house and later heard the animal in the yard again. He drove her out the second and third times. The citizen's son came home later and found the animal in the yard and drove her out. The citizen then made an investigation and found the cow got in by wading around the fence on the river side. He hung up a lantern to deceive the cow as she came in, and the next morning, so he says, he found the cow in the yard with the lantern hung on her horns, using the same to hunt out the best grapefruit in his grove. Say what you please, but that was an intelligent cow. And the story is true—of course it is.—Fort Myer Press.

THE PROPER FOOD FOR POULTRY.

With all the diversified beliefs as to the proper diet for fowls to induce the greatest egg production, it is almost universally conceded that some meat or animal food is needed. For this purpose the handiest and most satisfactory article is "Page's Perfected Poultry Food." H. H. Tunnells, of South Newbury, Vt., expresses the almost universal sentiment of all who have carefully used this food. He says: "Having sold Page's Perfected Poultry Food for several years past, we unhesitatingly commend it to all keepers of poultry as the best food on the market for laying hens. We have already placed our order for the coming season, and in a few days will be ready to serve our customers again. As a food for the cold season, we think it has no equal."

If you want to know more about this food and the best ways of using it, write to C. S. Page, Hyde Park, Vt., for his booklet, "Profitable Poultry." It will be sent free, postpaid, to anyone mentioning this paper.

Character Reading.

"What makes you so sure that man is naturally cautious and diplomatic?" "The fact that whenever I offer him a cigar he puts it in his pocket and says he will smoke it after dinner."—Washington Star.

Can't Do Both.

The housewife views with failing nerve preserving time a proximity. She fears she can't at once preserve her virtues and equanimity.
—Catholic Standard and Times.

Groundhog.

Teacher was telling her class little stories in natural history, and she asked if any one could tell her what a groundhog was. Up went a little hand, waving frantically.
"Well, Carl, you may tell us what a groundhog is."

"Please, m'am, it's sausage."—Everybody's Magazine.

Alone in Saw Mill At Midnight.

ominous of darkness, drafts, storms or cold, W. J. Atkins works as Night Watchman, at Banner Springs, Tenn. Such exposure gave him a severe cold that settled on his lungs. At last he had to give up work. He tried many remedies but all failed till he used Dr. King's New Discovery. "After using one bottle," he writes, "I went back to work as well as ever." Severe Colds, stubborn Coughs, inflamed throats and sore lungs, Hemorrhages, Croup and Whooping Cough get quick relief and prompt cure from this glorious medicine. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free, guaranteed by J. W. Thurston.

PLAYING THE STOCKS.

He Who Has Knowledge and He Who Gambles on Gossip.
Of the many popular delusions touching Wall Street and its people none is more persistent or more dangerous to the outsider than the belief that from nothing great permanent fortunes have been made by shrewd and lucky speculation in prices. It isn't true. We differentiate here between speculation in prices only and the kind of legitimate great economic changes. Legitimate speculation has its translation into prices, too, but it takes, first, original capital in some reasonable proportion to the profits expected and, secondly, the treatment of exceptional opportunity with correct imagination. Its risks at best are very large. Among our Wall Street acquaintances are several hard headed men who succeed in making \$25,000 a year by speculation. Not one of them has a capital of less than \$250,000. They make it earn about 10 per cent.

Take Blank, one of the ablest speculators we know. He has made half a million dollars during the past five years. Very handsome return, you say. Let us look at Blank. He was the chief accountant of one of the big railway systems when an uncle, dying, left him \$20,000. Mind you, he was an expert railway statistician and an exceptionally able young man to boot. He knew his own road like a book, as well as some other things that only the

directors were aware of.

The stock of the system looked cheap to him, and he used his \$20,000 to margin 4,000 shares. A bull market was beginning, and within a month or two Blank's capital had increased to \$20,000. He was content with a ten point rise, though the stock advanced ten points more. That was the first of Blank's deals. Twelve months later he won again. He thought that the stock of a certain western system was selling below its value and set about an investigation to find the facts. He hired a first class engineer and a retired traffic manager to travel from one end of that railroad to the other, and he himself analyzed the accounts. When all the reports were in it seemed to him that the system was earning enough money to justify an increase of its dividend, and he plunged once more. He waited six months for his point this time, and his investigation had cost him \$5,000. He made \$50,000. Good interest, you say, but think of Blank's special equipment for the game and the trouble he took to be right. You, Mr. Thimblestom, after reading the Wall Street gossip in your daily paper, adventure your thousand or two thousand dollars and expect to double your money. Mark the difference.—John Parr in Everybody's Magazine.

Tennyson's First Poems.

The wind came sweeping through the garden of an old Lincolnshire rectory one morning in the beginning of last century and blew upon a child of five years old, who opened his arms to the blast and let it carry him along, crying as he traveled, "I hear a voice that's calling in the wind." That was Tennyson's first line of poetry. The first poem he ever composed was written upon a slate one Sunday morning at Louth. The subject, set him by his brother Charles, was "Flowers," and little Alfred covered his slate with blank verse after the model of Thomson's "Seasons." His next attempt was an elegy upon his grandmother, who had just died, written at the request of his grandfather. When it was written the old man put it shillings into the boy's hand and said, "There, that is the first money you have ever earned by your poetry, and take my word for it, it will be the last."—Westminster Gazette.

Opening an Oyster.

"The Cook's Oracle," a book which was never far from the kitchens of our great-grandmothers, is very precise in its directions as to the proper manner of preserving and eating oysters, says an English journal. "The true lover of an oyster," writes the author, "will have some regard for the feelings of his little favorite and will never abandon it to the mercies of a bungling operator, but will open it himself and contrive to detach the fish from the shell so dexterously that the oyster is hardly conscious he has been ejected from his lodging till he feels the teeth of the piscivorous gourmand tickling him to death."

This Was in Denmark.

An Englishman having business in a certain Danish town arrived at the railway station. He inquired of a group of men standing near the way to the house he wanted, whereupon one of them offered to go with him and show him. With recollections of what such a service meant in England he said, "I don't want a guide." "But surely you asked us to show you the way," said one of them. "Yes, but I don't want a guide." "My dear sir, I am not a guide; I am the bishop."

Romance in High Life.

"So that heiress is engaged to a nobleman?"
"Yes."
"And you say the affair was romantic?"
"Oh, very. Why, the duke was even too poor to hire a lawyer."—Kansas City Journal.

Afraid of Consequences.

Dog Hater (tremulously)—See, here, sir! Will that dog bite me? Dog (owner scornfully)—Do you suppose he has no instinct of self preservation?
—Baltimore American.

The sagacious are generally lucky.

—Blackwood.

THE OPINION OF AN EXPERT

POULTRY BREEDER.

Poultry breeders who have gained a reputation for the reliability of their stock either for exhibition or for general purposes are the ones whose example is well worth following. C. A. Browning of Apponaug, R. I., is such a one, and what he says about poultry food is therefore of especial interest and value. He says, in a recent letter: "I have found 'Page's Perfected Poultry Food' to be a first-class article. I feed it the year round. Chickens need it when they are growing; pullets need it when they are laying, and later, during the moulting period, it is a great help."

If you want to know more about this food and the best ways of using it, write to C. S. Page, Hyde Park, Vt., for his booklet, "Profitable Poultry." It will be sent free, postpaid, to anyone mentioning this paper.

Foolish Stuff.

Question.—A stump kin speak. And a stump kin lie.
But what kin a pump do?
Answer.—A pump-kin pie!
—Cleveland Leader.

Going Up!

"I shouldn't think this aviation business was profitable."
"Why?"
"Because it is always going up."—Baltimore American.

TRAVELERS' TALES.

The Blunders in Books That Describe Foreign Countries.

A lively article on the amusing mistakes to be found in books appears in the London Academy. The author in referring to the blunders often made in books that describe foreign countries notes that a traveler's ignorance of the manners and customs of strange peoples or deliberate imposition by his informants are both supposed to have given a somewhat fabulous character to some parts of the writings of Herodotus. He quotes these lines, which he found written on his desk when he was attending lectures at Oxford:

Herodotus, Herodotus.
You could not spell, you ancient cuss.
The priests in Egypt rammed you.
It was not very hard to do.
But don't you think you gammon us
Herodotus, Herodotus.

The author adds: "The second line is presumably a reference to the spelling of Ionic Greek. What follows alludes to the story of the Nile issuing from between the mountains Crophi and Mophi, which certainly sounds like a nursery tale. In justice, however, to the historian we must remember that recent investigations have discovered that many of his narratives once regarded as mythical have been found to have some foundation in fact."

"This is more than can be said of most medieval travelers' tales. Some, however, admit of explanation, as, for instance, Othello's account of 'men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders.' Raleigh is convinced that the wonder is true, because every child in the provinces of Arromania and Canuti affirms the same. The origin of the belief in such prodigies has been found in the account given by Olearius of the Samojeds of northern Muscovy, whose 'garments are made like those that are called cosques, open only at the necks. When the cold is extraordinary they put their cosques over their heads and let the sleeves hang down, their faces being not to be seen but at the cleft which is at the neck. Whence some have taken occasion to write that in these northern countries there are people without heads, having their faces in their breasts.'"

This is Worth Remembering

Whenever you have a cough or cold, just remember that Foley's Honey and Tar will cure it. Remember the name, Foley's Honey and Tar, and refuse substitutes. John W. Thurston.

FREAK CATALOGUING.

British Museum Has a System That Few Can Fathom.

It may seem ungrateful to an old reader who has reaped so many benefits from the great library in Bloomsbury to find fault with the arrangements, and if I stood alone in this complaint I would retain my isolation, but the grievance is ventilated by many.

In the first place, I and J are treated as the same letter, as U and V are. That was all right when the catalogue was begun and was in manuscript, but now that printing has superseded handwriting the obsolete fashion of cataloguing Jones and Jves under the same letter or Vale and Ulnw as having the same initial might be discontinued and the modern usage adopted.

In the second place, anonymous works are catalogued according to a bewildering system, the object of which seems to be to hide the identity of the work.

Take the case of the valuable little book with the following title: "An Account of the Origin of Steamboats, in Spain, Great Britain and America and of Their Introduction and Employment Upon the River Thames Between London and Gravesend to the Present Time"—L. E., 1831. One would think that it would be catalogued under "Steamboats," that being the main subject, but no—it is catalogued under "Spain." I am told the rule is to take the first proper name.

That rule, however, is not applied in the next case. A well written little book published in 1907 is entitled "Devon, the Shire of the Sea Kings." "Devon" would seem to be the natural heading, but no—in the catalogue it will be found under "Great Western Railway."—London Notes and Queries.

Broke the Combination.

The father of Judge W. H. Wadhams had a chicken coop and a dog and a stable hand. It began to look to Mr. Wadhams as though some one had discovered the combination. So he kept the coop and the stable hand, but he got a new dog. Next day the bent negro who groomed the Wadhams horses came to him.

"You lost your affection for me, boss?" he asked.
"No, Scipio," said Mr. Wadhams. "I like you as well as ever."
"Then," asked Scipio peevishly, "w'y'n't you tie old Rover in de chicken coop stid of dat new dog?"—Argonaut.

Rich Men's Gifts Are Poor


beside this: "I want to go on record as saying that I regard Electric Bitters as one of the greatest gifts that God has made to woman," writes Mrs. O. Rhine-vault, of Vestal Center, N. Y. "I can never forget what it has done for me." This glorious medicine gives a woman buoyant spirits, vigor of body and brilliant health. It quickly cures Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Melancholy, Headache, Backache, Fainting and Dizzy Spells; soon builds up the weak, ailing and sickly. Try them. 50c at J. W. Thurston's.

A Bake To Be Proud Of

she has a

Glenwood

"Makes Cooking Easy"



Foss & Co., Island Pond

PUZZLE OF THE AIR.

Shifting Currents Shown by the Action of Birds in Flight.

The average person regards air much as he regards water—as much lighter, of course, but like it otherwise. Calm air is precisely to him as calm water in a pool. If there is a wind he pictures the air as a flowing river, and just so long as all men looked at it so, just so long the birds kept their monopoly, for the only state in which water approaches the condition of air is when water forms a main stream. Even then water in its wildest turbulence falls far short of the unstable, incessant agitation of the atmosphere.

Air is never still. It is filled with warm waves ascending, cold waves descending, and through it race cross winds and diagonal shoots, with eddies and whirlwinds wandering hither and yon as they list. The warm air off a cornfield creates one kind of a disturbance; off plowed land it creates another. A layer of cold air may hold down a layer of warmer air. Consider what happens when the warm air breaks through its envelope as a millpond bursts its dam. A flowing stream churned to and fro and round and round and up and down would give a feeble idea of the air's inconstancy.

Now, a bird, circling with fixed wings, floats on a rising column of air. It maintains its altitude as to the earth, but it is constantly coming down through the air's ascending column. Once the bird loses the air column it has to flap its wings, and it flaps till it finds another column, when it goes on wheeling again with fixed wings. Moreover, when it flies the wind comes toward it in waves, rising and falling like the billows of the sea. It meets them, and then it does precisely what a boat does—goes over them or goes through them. The Wrights learned all this, and when they'd learned they were about as near to flying as you and I would be to writing Chinese philosophy when we'd just learned the English alphabet. Furthermore, there were no teachers, living or dead, that could help them more than a few steps along the way. —Everybody's Magazine.

More Danville Proof

Jacob Schraff, 432 South St., Danville, Ill., writes: "For over eighteen months I was a sufferer from kidney and bladder trouble. During the whole time was treated by several doctors and tried several different kidney pills. Seven weeks ago I commenced taking Foley's Kidney Pills, and am feeling better every day and will be glad to tell anyone interested just what Foley's Kidney Pills did for me." John W. Thurston.

FOUGHT WITH HIS BOYS.

An Amusing Passage Between Willich and Rosecrans.

There are times when the so called "red tape" of the army gives way under the stress of circumstances. At the battle of Chickamauga, General Willich, who was commanding a brigade, incurred the displeasure of General Rosecrans, the commanding general, by some very slight omission. General Willich was sent for and informed by the general commanding that he must consider himself under arrest for the present.

"General," said Rosecrans sternly, "consider yourself under arrest and leave your sword here until your case is tried."

"Yes, general, I will consider myself under arrest," was the reply, "and shush so soon as dis light's over I'll come and fix him up."

"But, sir," said the astounded Rosecrans, "I want you to consider yourself under arrest now."

"Of course I do," responded Willich promptly, "and so soon as I get off dis light I'll be up and settle him."

"But, sir," expostulated the commanding general, "I can't let you go into this fight. You are under arrest. I will send an officer to your brigade."

"You send an officer to fight my boys!" cried Willich indignantly. "He

can't do it. They don't know him. Me they know. I teach them. I fight them, and none of the boys would know how to fight or what to do only when I go with them. My boys be long to me; yes, me, General Willich. I command the brigade, and I must fight the brigade."

General Rosecrans gave it up. General Willich was requested to return and "fight his boys," which he did most successfully. And that was the end of the matter.—Youth's Companion.

They Don't Like Rain.

The tortoise shows a greater dislike to and fear of rain than any other animal. Twenty-four hours of more before rain falls the Galapagos tortoise makes for shelter. On a bright, clear morning, when not a cloud can be seen, all the shellsacks on a tortoise farm may sometimes be seen headed for the nearest overhanging rocks. When that happens the people know that rain will come down during the day, and, as a rule, it comes down in torrents. The sign never fails.

Looking One's Best.

It's a woman's delight to look her best but pimples, skin eruptions, sores and boils rob life of joy. Listen! Bucklen's Arnica Salve cures them; makes the skin soft and velvety. It glorifies the face. Cures Pimples, Sore Eyes, Cold Sores, Cracked Lips, Chapped Hands. Try it. Infallible for Piles. 25c at J. W. Thurston's.

Psalms Not Barred.

The other evening Miss Y., a maiden lady of uncertain years, suspecting the cook was entertaining her beau downstairs, called Martha and inquired whether she did not hear some one talking with her.

"Oh, no, m'am!" cried the quick-witted Martha. "It was only me singing a psalm."

"Very good," returned Miss Y. significantly. "You may amuse yourself with psalms, but let's have no hims."

The Bland One.

Lady—What! You've just come out of prison? I wonder you are not ashamed to own it! Never do well—I don't own it, lady—wish I did. I was only a lodger.—New York Journal.

Lively Lazaruses.

Startled Visitor—(Gravely) What's that? Must be an earthquake! The plaster is falling too! Mild Mater—Oh, no! It's just the boys. Two of them are sick in bed today.—Puck.

Told the Truth.

"Why are you sore at Miss Skreachery?"
"When she was urged to sing something at the party last night she said, 'Oh, I can't sing!'"
"Well?"
"Well, she went ahead and proved it."—Cleveland Leader.

Her View of It.

"There was a time," said the old inhabitant, "when that piece of property sold for a song."
"Really?" replied the grand opera prima donna. "How very expensive!"
—Washington Star.

Knew Her Style.

Sultor—But you haven't asked me yet whether or not I can make a living for your daughter. Father—Never mind, Henry. If you marry her she'll see to that.—Chicago News.

Better Late Than Never.

"I hope this proposal of mine hasn't taken you completely by surprise, dear-est."
"Well, yes, it has. I long ago abandoned all idea of it."—Life.

After exposure, and when you feel a cold coming on, take Foley's Honey and Tar, the great throat and lung remedy. It stops the cough, relieves the congestion, and expels the cold from your system. Is mildly laxative. John W. Thurston.

WASHING DISHES.

Only One Time in a Woman's Life When She Enjoys It.

We never knew but one woman who professed that she liked to wash dishes, and from that moment our faith in her veracity melted like soap in hot dishwater.

The only time we wish we were a man is after a hearty dinner, when he can enjoy a sista or discuss the papers, while we must attend to the inevitable dishes.

Can any one wonder that girls get tired of the monotonous round of dishwashing, which must be done three times a day for the 365 consecutive days?

Think of it, ye gods, and tear your hair and weep for the woes of our sisterhood!

There is a short time in most every woman's life when it is a pleasure, but that is when we are too small to reach upon the kitchen table without a chair and are permitted to wash the cups and saucers to keep us out of mischief. When we are older and have it to do alone the soup tureen would not hold the tears we shed over it.

How we have dreamed over the blue pictures of the old fashioned dishes—pictures of impossible temples and castles, built in unhealthy proximity to "clear lakes," and in girlish fancy wandered to unheard-of lands to dwell in those "castles in the air."

There should be no dishwashing there.

But hark! The shrill voice of our mother rings out clear and sharp:

"Matilda, what are you doing?" with rising inflection on the last syllable of our name.

All the house knows that "Till" is dreaming over the dishpan again, and reverie is not permitted in our active household, which was conducted on the "whoop her up" system.

When we see ladies going mad over ceramics we wonder if they served their apprenticeship polishing tabernacles of china.—New York Weekly.

Foley's Honey and Tar is the best and

safest cough remedy for children. At the first symptoms of a cold, give as directed, and ward off danger of croup, bronchitis, sore throat, cold in the head, and stuffy breathing. It brings comfort and ease to the little ones. Contains no opiates or other harmful drugs. Keep always on hand, and refuse substitutes. John W. Thurston.

Zulu Music.

In most cases Zulu instrumental music is extremely monotonous and with very little value in melody or rhythm. Except in the case of a drum, the volume of sound produced is very shrill, and the performer himself is the only person who derives any enjoyment from the music.

A Cheese Rich.

In Valais, Switzerland, a man's riches are estimated according to the number of cheeses he owns, and the expression "a cheese rich" man is meant to denote a man as rich as Croesus.

Capital Punishment.

Capital punishment prevails in all of the states and territories of the Union except Michigan, Wisconsin, Rhode Island, Kansas and Maine. It was abolished in Iowa in 1872 and restored in 1878. It was also abolished in Colorado, but was restored in 1901. In New York and Ohio execution is by electricity.

The Smallest Dog.

The smallest dog is probably the Chihuahua of Mexico. It can scurry in the palm of the hand or may be concealed in a bunch of flowers.

The Bears of Kodiak.

The biggest bears in the world are to be found on Kodiak Island, in the Gulf of Alaska, south of the great shoulder of territory that stretches out into the Pacific. The Kodiak bears are of the polar breed, perfectly white, with long, heavy fur, and at full growth are twice as large as the ordinary black bear.